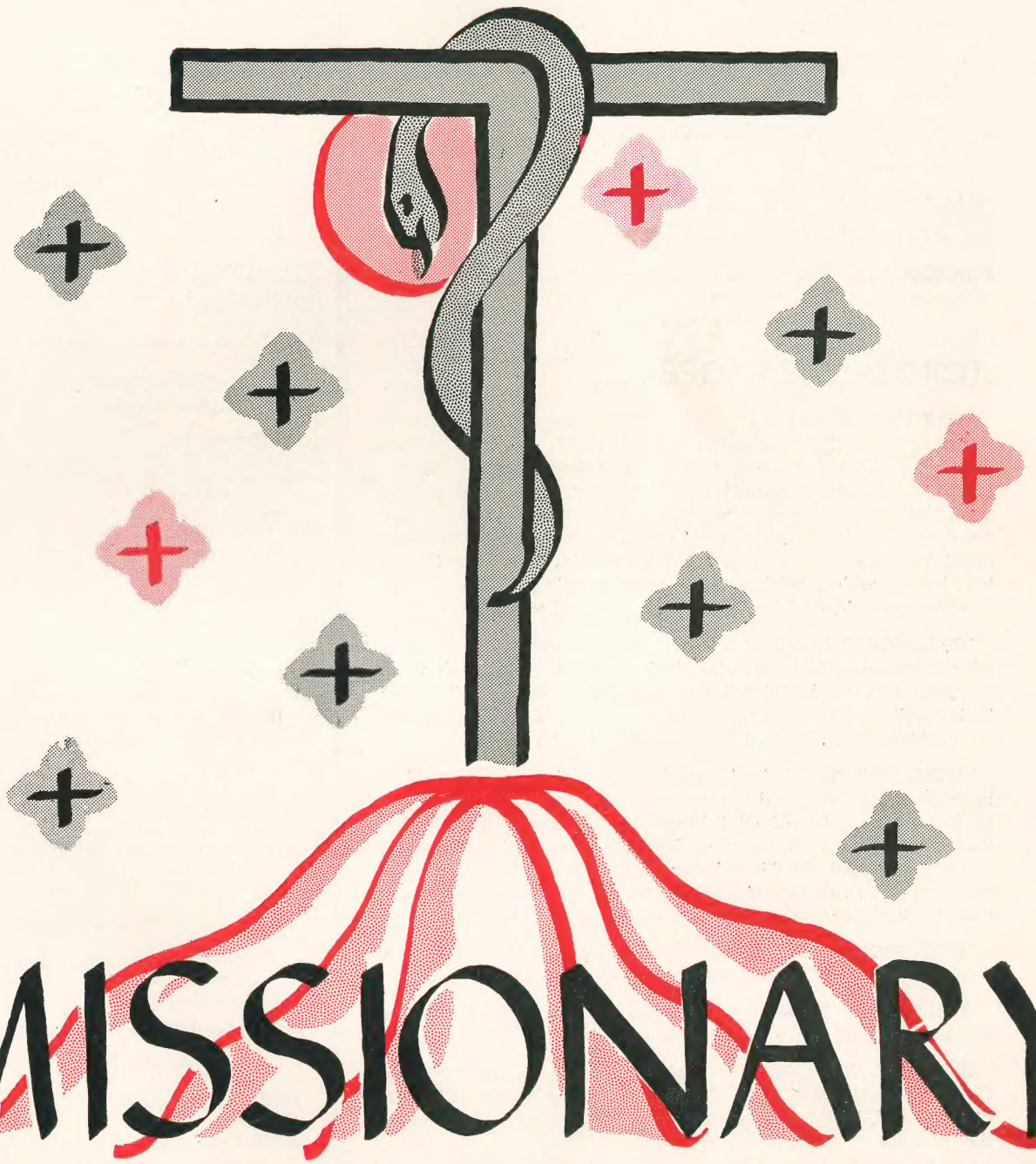
The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

"YOU MAY BE RIGHT in some of your premises, but the Holy Father is right in his conclusions and tells you to go ahead without hesitation." This was the answer His Excellency, Bishop Vesters, received when he presented to his Holiness, Pius XI, in a little pamphlet the reasons why he could not hope to begin to train a native priesthood among a people "just emerging from the stone age." That was sixteen years ago. Today, with experience behind him, he can with a full heart urge us to pray "For Native Bishops in Mission Lands, and for the Faithful Entrusted to Their Care."

"IN REMEMBERING INDIA, we do well to remember, too, those missionaries who find comfort in their new patron"—though when we pray to John de Britto for modern India, we must "say the 'Saint' quietly; as soon as possible Rome will bid us shout it from the roof-tops!" Mr. Watson is stationed in New York City.

"INDIA HAS ITS Medical Association, too." And Sister Alma Julia, who was delegated to represent Holy Family Hospital at the District Meeting of the Punjab branch, admits that though she has listened to papers at many medical meetings and conventions, never before had she "heard any better ones than the two that were given . . . the speakers were well-trained men, they knew their work, they were enthusiastic, and they were practical."

HOUSEHOLD HELP seems to create definite problems in Patna. Last month it was "Jahan," and this month—"ooooooh! Rosalia!"

ARTISTS ARE BORN, not made—so the saying goes. As for beggars? In India they may be born **or** made!

SISTER M. ANGELICA, our "Motherhouse Librarian," reviews Daniel Sargent's biography of Bishop James A. Walsh, co-founder of Maryknoll, "the leader who, more than any other, has changed the attitude of Catholics in the United States towards foreign missions from that of indifference to that of enthusiasm!"

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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"Am I My Brother's Keeper? - - - "

We are on the threshold of a New Year, and in a war era of vowed destruction. I just "swivelled" my chair to turn off the radio, which announced a new war device telling enemy mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts that every few seconds or minutes —I have forgotten which—a son, a brother, a husband, a fiance, falls on the field of battle, never to return to them.

Appealing to the sacred emotion of family love may be a move towards intensifying the abhorrence of war but is it a move towards peace? If these same broadcasters from the sky offered a program of justice, declaring their willingness to share the goods of the earth with their fellowmen in the whole world, it seems to me their message would have more chance of success.

The blot on the human race is not so much this war, as the things that have led to this war. Cain said: "Am I my brother's keeper?" And Abel was slain. The poor of the world were more than slain: they were left to the torture of grinding poverty, and the helplessness of illiteracy, ignorance and superstition—to the "black-out" of idolatry. Witness the millions of Asia, of Africa, of other countries —of our own neighborhoods.

In my work and travels, I have seen astounding and widespread destitution, and frankly, one of the puzzles of my life has been the patience of the starving, the moneyless, the "healthless," the ignorant, the powerless. The marvel is that they have not risen as a mighty army to secure not luxuries, or even ordinary comforts, but just the barest decencies of human existence.

The whole thing can perhaps be put in a nutshell by relating an incident of my own experience which made an indelible impression on me when I was a young doctor at St. Catherine's Hospital in Rawalpindi, India, twenty years ago. Our next-door neighbor, a good Catholic, Anglo-Indian lady, told me one day that she had given a ham bone to her sweeper—one of India's sixty million outcasts. The sweeper, far from relegating the bare bone to the incinerator or rubbish pile, tied a string around it and suspended it from the ceiling of his own room: He wanted to be able to lick it at his convenience!

It seems to me here is an analogy to world conditions: Some eat the ham, some lick the bone. Well, it is all right to eat the ham—but there is no law against leaving a few shreds of meat on the bone that is relegated to the poor fellow!

The well-meant "sky-canting" may be intended to break down morale; the burning, smashing, sinking and killing may lead to exhaustion. But neither can lead to the JUSTICE AND CHARITY OF A SINCERE AND LASTING PEACE, while some eat all the ham—and others must lick the bone!

—A.D.

Thou hast words which penetrate and overcome hearts, which enlighten intellect, which assuage anger and extinguish hates and revenge. Break that word which will still the storm, which will heal the sick, which is light to the blind and hearing to the deaf and life to the dead.

Peace among men which Thou desirest is dead. Bring it back to life, O divine conqueror of death. Through Thee at last may the land and sea be calmed. May the whirlwinds that in the light of day or in the dark of night scatter terror, fire destruction and slaughter on humble folk cease. May justice and charity on one side and on the other be in perfect balance, so that all injustice be repaired and the reign of right restored, all discord and rancor be banished from men's minds, and may there arise and gather strength in contemplation of a new and harmonious prosperity true and well-ordered peace that will permanently unite as brothers, through the ages, in the harmonious search of higher good, all peoples of the human race, one in Thy sight. Amen.
—Peace prayer of Pius XII.

Medical Meeting In India

by

Sister M. Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T.

India has its Medical Association, too. It is a very much alert and alive organization, with branches reaching out to all corners of the country. At a recent meeting of the Punjab branch, I was appointed as a delegate from Holy Family Hospital, together with Dr. Ward a lay woman doctor; it was an appointment that proved a privilege!

There were only two speakers on the program, Dr. Kaul and Dr. Nath, both of them from Lahore. We arrived at the meeting at five-thirty; the talks began almost immediately, and lasted about one hour each. Those present numbered, if I counted rightly, twenty-six; as far as I know, all were doctors except myself. Doctor Ward and I were the only two women—and the only two "white" people—there.

I have heard many papers at various medical meetings and conventions; I must admit that never before have I heard any better ones than the two that were given. What was so delightful was that the speakers were well-trained men, they knew their work, they were enthusiastic, and they were practical.

Dr. Kaul spoke on the "Prevalence of Blindness in the Punjab." To do much quoting of statistics would be useless; he himself gave quite a number of figures which proved mainly how inadequate and how misleading statistics in India really are! It has been estimated that there are anywhere from one and one-half million to **nine million** blind persons in India. In the Punjab alone, fifty-seven thousand are reported to be totally blind, though the actual number may be much higher.

Out of a population of twenty-five million in that same district, three million are being treated every year for eye diseases. The Punjab and the Central Provinces are supposed to have the highest incidence of blindness in the world! Perhaps the former leads—or rather, would lead, were not the blindness in the Provinces due in a large measure to smallpox, which is now fairly well controlled in the Punjab.

To give the Doctor's words: "There is no civilized country in the world where so little is done for blindness as in India." He blamed the lack of action on the fatalistic attitude of the Indians. This he found exemplified in his clinical work: Many of the people who come for aid are satisfied with the slightest improvement, and so do not return to be treated until the cure is complete. For instance, in some cases of cataract a second operation is needed; yet patients do not return because they are able to see well enough to get around. He spoke, too, of

An Indian girl leads her blind grandfather by a stick.

the number of people who do not receive even the simplest eye care because it is not at hand: Ninety percent of the people live in villages, many of them too far from any medical center to avail themselves of the help it would offer.

Speaking of some of the large eye clinics that had been held at "melas" (festival gatherings), he stated that as the number of operations and treatments ran up into the thousands within the space of a few days, and that as, on the whole, the doctors never saw the patients again, follow-up work and statistics were alike impossible.

To quote figures again, Dr. Kaul estimated that there were **seventy-two thousand** cases of cataract alone in the Punjab in 1936, together with more than **one million** cases of trachoma, and over **two million** cases of other eye diseases! And these figures are probably very low. Judging from the trachoma we see in our dispensaries, we would surmise that at the least —the very least—ten percent of the people in the Punjab have trachoma; in Rawalpindi, it would not be far-fetched to say that twenty-five percent are infected.

The Doctor stated that in his clinic, twenty-nine percent have trachoma. (Dr. Kaul conducts a large clinic in Lahore; he studied and worked in England for some years, and is considered an authority in his field.)

On the positive side, the speaker touched on what other countries are doing for the blind—institutions and schools, braille work, and so on. The Blind Person's Act, passed in Great Britain in 1920, was mentioned, and regret expressed that in India practically nothing is being done.

A chart on which he had tabulated his own clinic cases according to the causes of blindness was passed around for inspection. As these figures were based on only a few thousand cases, over the period of a few months, they cannot be applied to the country as a whole, but they are valuable, as far as they go. According to his findings, the first in order in the causes of blindness was glaucoma; next, corneal opacity (resulting from various infections); third, trachoma; fourth, iritis; then myopia, optic atrophy, cataracts, etc. In his experience, ophthalmia neonatorum ranked rather far down the line as a cause of blindness. We, too, see very little of it—it amounts to practically nothing besides the hundreds of trachomas we see every week!

Sister M. Pauline with an "eye" patient: The child has a tumor on her eye.

The social problem was emphasized by the speaker as an angle which ought to be attacked first from a public health standpoint. For instance, he told of the hundreds of Australian soldiers coming to Bombay, with a comparative abundance of money in their pockets. The beggars make from them, in one day, two and even three rupees—as much as an honest, unskilled workman earns in a week! The blind beggar, and those who simulate blindness, will fight for the right to beg in the streets!

Dr. Kaul was able to illustrate the acuteness—and the difficulties —of the problem with a graphic experience of his own. Fresh from his studies in England, he landed on his native soil eager to do what lay within his power to help his fellow men. Physical suffering he met in abundance—and there is no way to start but to make a beginning. So he went to a blind beggar, to whom he knew he could restore sight by an operation, and persuaded him

We are commanded to love our neighbor, but there is no higher way to love him than to help him to love the Father and the Son Whom the Father has sent. We do not know how to save our souls alone; we can do that only in conjunction with others.

—Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen

(probably "tipped" him!) to submit to treatment. The operation was successful. A job for the man was found, with a fair salary so that he would not have to beg. But the man disappeared. A little later his benefactor saw him in the streets, begging again. Why should he work, when he could make more money in an easier way?

Thus are social problems and medical problems bound up in India.

After Dr. Kaul had finished, Dr. Nath gave his paper on "Renal Diseases and Renal Function." Incidently, the chairman introduced the Doctor with a glowing account of his reputation as a speaker, and some other complimentary remarks. Dr. Nath took the floor with a quiet smile. "There is one advantage," he said, "in being a colored man: one cannot blush!"

And with that modest beginning, he launched into a most learned discussion of biochemistry, especially as it is affected by renal function, going into details of the mechanism of the kidneys, separation of constituents, etc.

The really practical part is that he realized the lack of laboratory facilities for the ordinary practitioner, who could not depend upon blood ureas, blood chlorides, and other tests, but had to have simple methods of determining renal function. He supplemented this with descriptions of some simple tests that required nothing but the taking of specific gravity, controlling the diet, or measuring fluid intake and output. It was a point that I appreciated. From experience, I know how "spoiled" our doctors are back home: blood chemistries are ordered routinely, just because they can be done so easily in our hospital laboratories. In reality these long and more expensive tests are not necessary in most cases. The simple tests Dr. Nath gave can be very accurate for estimating renal function, I can see, even if they do not give the actual percent of renal constituents at the time. Certain similar tests I can remember having had, but in late years most doctors have discarded them for more elaborate blood chemistry examinations.

The speaker gave in detail several simple tests, and in addition, some that were more complicated. On the whole, they required only a little cooperation on the part of the patient—and sometimes on the part of the nurse.

Dr. Nath had done work at Harvard, and explained some experiments performed there on dogs which proved that we have three times as much renal tissue as we really need (prodigality of nature). If one and one-third of the kidney tissue were removed, renal function would not be impaired sufficiently to show up in these tests! Even when the tests show fifty percent renal function, the health of the patient is not much impaired; when it gets down to twenty percent, prognosis is bad. And when it reaches five percent, we have uremia.

The sad part of the whole session was that only about three minutes were allowed for discussion; an entertainment had been arranged, a banquet was to follow—and time was flying. Two hours had passed very quickly. So the meeting was closed, and Dr. Ward and I returned home without waiting for the program. But we did have the privilege of a five-minute private talk with Dr. Kaul, as Dr. Ward wanted to ask him his method of treating trachoma. Briefly, he uses bland irrigations (saline, etc.), but no copper or oxide of mercury. He does give sulphanilimide, and in some cases, M.B. 693. These are costly: Most of our patients cannot afford to buy them, and we cannot afford to give them free, so it offers a big problem to us!

The unique thing about the character of Jesus is that everything He preached He practised. The compassion which Jesus exemplified by His life and inculcated by His precepts has borne abundant fruit among mankind. Before the religion of Jesus taught the brotherhood of man, and the conduct of Jesus exemplified that brotherhood, there was no such thing for the poor as a hospital or orphan asylum, or home for the aged. There was little or no provision for incurables, or the insane, no mercy for the prisoner of war, no angels of mercy on the battlefields.

As a result of the example and teaching of Jesus, compassion for those in distress has been a characteristic feature of Christianity. In every country of the world there are heroic men and women whose lives are devoted to making the lives of others better, both materially and spiritually. — Martin F. Scott, S.J., in "Jesus As Men Saw Him."

Twelves in number, the first graduates of the first Catholic college for women in the whole of China received their bachelor degrees from the Aurora College for Women, conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Shanghai. One of the graduates, Miss Mary Bono, was awarded a post-graduate scholarship at Loyola University, Chicago; another, Miss Milly Ouang, expects to receive a scholarship from the Catholic School of Social Service, Washington, D.C.

* * * * *

Father Frank Welzmiller, S.J., reports that in his province (Patna Mission) there were over a thousand reported deaths in one week, and he estimates that there were an equal number not reported. "I spent two weeks in a village where sixty had died before I arrived," he writes. "However, medicine and nursing kept deaths to almost nil when we got going. Tuberculosis, cholera, smallpox, dysentery and in some places plague take a large toll yearly among the ill-fed poor."—Jesuit Missions, December, '41.

John de Britto, S. J.

by

J. Vincent Watson, S.J.

India, the land that God remembers! India, oriental enough to be exotic and interesting, strategic enough to be one of the keys of a great Empire, big enough to be important, poor enough to be maltreated, helpless enough to be pitied. Its political importance arises from its position and resources, its spiritual importance from the condition of its millions. Long ago it attracted one of the original Apostles, Thomas and his doubt-cured heart, and today it is still attracting new apostles and new hearts.

And like God, the Church remembers India, for recently Rome has prepared for it another halo in the name of one of its Jesuit martyrs, John de Britto. The Church, in approving of this priest, is also approving of his labor—and his labor was India.

The war may be blamed for the delay in the actual canonization ceremonies, for everything else at Rome is ready. The miracles have been approved, the devil's advocate has had his say, and, I am inclined to think, the angels in heaven have even picked out the right size halo and have it shined and ready! While we are waiting for the coronation day, let us take a look at this Jesuit priest who succumbed to an Indian scimitar in the forty-sixth year of his life.

If we skipped back three centuries to the Lisbon of the 1640's and peek in at the splendor of the court of Pedro—Pedro King of Portugal—we would see some of the jewels and finery among which John de Britto was born. To be born among silks and satins is not to one's credit, so we need not stop here. However, the rejection of the king's favor and companionship for the frugal simplicity of a Jesuit Novitiate as early as one's fifteenth year is ample reason to make us pause and read on slowly. Gone were the family's hopes for political honors for young John. The king would have to look elsewhere for a companion and adviser. Alas, since the boy had so little wit as to become a Jesuit, even the vision of ecclesiastical honors had to be abandoned.

From His very infancy Our Lord showed His desire to bring the Gentiles, the pagna nations of the world, into His fold. The Star that summoned the Magi was lit by His love. The prophecy that guided them to Bethlehem was inspired by His truth. He could hardly have shown His approval of foreign missions sooner. — Father Heneghan, "The Far East."

Even at that, however, the family name might be enhanced, for Jesuits were much in favor in Portugal. De Britto might become a name famous for its preaching, for its wisdom, at one of the universities—perhaps even as confessor to the king.

But this soldier son of a soldier Saint had very different ideas about his future. It was India for him, despite family protests, if his superiors should approve. His

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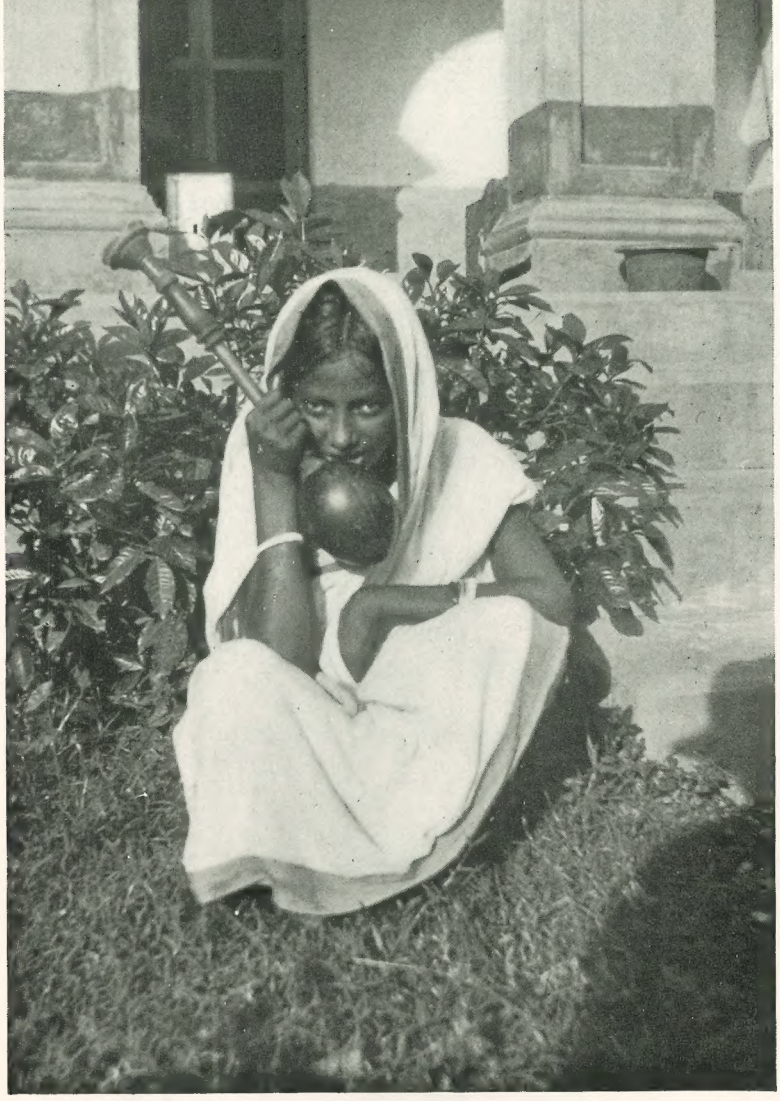


Rosalia

by

Sister M. Laetitia, S.C.M.M., R.N.

In which further serving problems (remember Jahan last month) develop in Patna!

"She cannot learn her Kaw, Gaw, Ghaws (A, B, C's). She cannot learn housework. Will you see what you can do with her?" wrote the priest. "She"—was Rosalia.

Rosalia was said to be eleven, but she looked much older. Her introduction to us was simple:

"Boo-hoo-hoo! I want my mother!"

"Hush, Rosalia. You'll see your mother in a few days."

"Boo-hoo-hoo! I want her now!"

It lasted nearly all day! In the late afternoon she was still inconsolable. "Boo-hoo-hoo! I want to go home!" Sister dropped a word of comfort as she swept by on her rounds: "Don't cry, Rosalia! You may go home!"

Alas for the passing word that waits no explanation! A few minutes later someone reported that Rosalia was gone!

"Gone? Gone where?"

"I don't know where, but at least she has left the compound!"

There was nothing to do but go after her. Some distance down the street, Sister descried a great crowd. She made for it. There, in the center, was Rosalia, a bit terrified, now, with men all around her. But once she caught a glimpse of Sister, the "boo-hoo-hoo's" began again, interspersed with a, "Save me! Save me, Sister!" that could be heard, at conservative reckoning, a half mile away!

"Boo-hoo-hoo! Mujh ko bukh lagta (I am hungry)."

There was an undertone of murmuring in the crowd. "Look, they are keeping her against her will, and they do not even feed her."

Sister felt that defense was justifiable. "Indeed," she declared, "she has had her rice, and she is quite free to go."

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" countered Rosalia, "I did not eat mine!"

"Come along to the hospital for the night," Sister coaxed, quietly.

The crowd caught the invitation. "She shall not go!" was their decree. This time the Sister felt it ought to be her turn to sob: "Save me!"

A bold youth in some sort of a uniform began asking questions. The Sister was quaking within, but firmly announced: "I shall talk to no one but a policeman!"

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" wailed Rosalia, consolingly. "They will steal us both!"

Suddenly an elderly man asked: "Are you a Mohammedan?"

"No!" said Rosalia, with emphasis. "I am a Christian."

Like magic, two-thirds of the crowd melted away. Hurriedly the Sister and Rosalia turned back to the hospital, with still almost a hundred "interested spectators" forming a rear guard!

"Now," said the Sister, "go and get your rice."

A smiling Rosalia scampered off.

But that was only the beginning! The next day the new helper was shown how to dust and wash bedside tables. After several demonstrations she did them—passing badly! Yet she knew about "compensation"—what she lacked in execution, she made up for in organization! One morning the Sister went into the ward to find Rosalia, cross-legged on the foot of a bed, directing operations: She had every patient out of bed, scrubbing her own table and dusting her own stool!

Rosalia was initiated into the bathing of the babies. This went

a little more successfully—until she grew tired of it. That was a signal for more organization: Before we knew it, she had every nurse in the place waiting on her!

"Bring me Rupee! (The baby's name was "Ruthie," which Rosalia had transliterated into the current coin of the realm, the rupee!) Bring me hot water! Bring me cold water! Bring me towels!" the shrill little voice would be heard. How she managed it I don't know! She did condescend to put the babies into the water—or more literally, **through** the water! Of such items as necks, ears, noses and nails—of these Rosalia appeared to be totally unaware.

Rosalia went to the kitchen. There she was in her glory—no Sister to watch her, nothing to do (as she saw it) all day long but tell others what to do, and how to do it, make sweets and "chutneys" (pickles) for herself from the tamarind tree just outside the door, and **sit!**

Rosalia was attracted, as it were by a magnet, to the Perfection oil stove that the sisters greatly cherished. She could not leave it alone. Threats, punishments—all were of no avail. At the slightest excuse she would light it, turn it on full blast, and then walk off and forget all about it. Until we would find heavy smoke pouring out of the door . . .

"Oh, Rosalia!" would groan the Sister.

Poor Rosalia. There was no other solution: Rosalia must go home. So one fine day our little ward - maid, nurse - maid-kitchen - maid was sent back. "She cannot learn hospital work, either, Father," said the note that went with her!

(Continued from Page 7)

family did protest, and vigorously, but his superiors approved, nevertheless.

Two weeks after his twenty-sixth birthday, in the company of twenty-four other Jesuits, John de Britto left Lisbon with March winds blowing behind him. This high-born Portuguese nobleman was stooping down to the low-caste and outcast poor of India to raise them up to the stature of Christ. India's gain was Portugal's loss, and Donna Beatriz Pereira de Britto could find little to console her. There was nothing now to do but be proud of her son. And proud she was, for when they held a solemn service of thanksgiving in Lisbon after the martyr's death, she attended, not in mourning, but in the brightest finery her wardrobe could provide. Of such fine mettle are Catholic mothers made!

John de Britto's labors in Southeastern India do not read like an odyssey. His were not the travels of a Saint Francis Xavier. Madura was his mission, and Kollai, Cuttur and Marava profited by his work.

He donned the long orange-colored robe of the Swami, a class of ascetics that were permitted to deal with all classes, even the lowest. He applied stains and dyes to his body and adopted the severe diet and vigorous mode of life of the Hindus. Such a practice was common enough among missionaries to India in the seventeenth century; the method was approved by the Church, and Our Lord Himself certainly had no objections in being represented by a priest of His wearing a Swami robe.

But even the orange colors did not avert for long the suspicion and hatred that almost invariably accompany a missionary into new pagan lands. He was distrusted he brought the plagues, he caused whatever deaths occurred, he spirited away those foolish persons who had consented to listen to his enchantments and be baptized.

Nowhere was he safe, and when the young Jesuit trekked the forest trails from settlement to settlement, Death trekked along beside him. Eleven years brought a goodly harvest for the priest, but in the twelfth came capture and torture.

The floggings and beatings, the deliberate near-drownings, and the scorching do not make pleasant reading. What long continues to amaze any twentieth - century Catholic is that the priest should choose to return to India after he had once managed to get back to Europe.

If Europe was glad to see him again, India was not. Though upon his return he survived for two years more and in that time baptized more than ten thousand persons, still the end of his time had come.

A prince of Marava accepted Christianity and in accordance with its teaching dismissed all of his wives except the first. One of these rejected women saw to John de Britto's downfall. A blow of a scimitar made another martyr and another halo for India. The date was the fourth of February, sixteen hundred and ninety-three.

Today, after two hundred and fifty years, India is being remembered even more by those quiet serious souls who have bound up their own salvation with that of India. In remembering India, we do well to remember, too, those missionaries who find comfort in their new patron. And when you pray to John de Britto for modern apostles, say the "Saint" quietly; as soon as possible Rome will bid us shout it from the roof-tops.

The great characteristic of life is growth. Youth and growth, age and decay, are inseparable. The law of growth was imposed on creation when God told man and the lower creatures, of which He was the Master, "Increase and multiply." The same law of growth was imposed on the Church when Our Lord told His apostles, "Preach the gospel to every creature." The Church was thus ordered to reproduce, to generate new life, to fill up the kingdom of God, to make conquests from the outside, to increase progeny from within; for the Church that does not reproduce, that is not missionary, is weaving its own shroud. "You have not chosen me," said Our Lord, "but I have chosen you; and have appointed you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain . . . "— Msgr. Fulton Sheen.

January Mission Intention

FOR NATIVE BISHOPS IN MISSION LANDS AND FOR THE FAITHFUL ENTRUSTED TO THEIR CARE.

Mother Dengel invited me, of all men, to write something about the January intention for her magazine, "The Medical Missionary." Only too pleased, I thought—until I read the text of the said intention. Then I had to smile . . . Did I, on the occasion of my visit to Fox Chase recently, tell the good Medical Sisters about the mild rebuke I received, years ago, from the Holy Father for my lack of faith and my too human wisdom? I cannot remember, but somehow Mother Dengel must have been inspired in coming to me for a comment on the January Mission intention . . .

I shall make here a public confession! Sixteen years ago I received from His Eminence, the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda in Rome, a letter stressing the necessity of a native clergy. Of course, the matter was duly in my mind, but since our people were so very primitive—just emerging from the stone age—I said to myself: "all this is meant for more advanced countries, like India and China, etc., and not for our poor islands."

However, I ordered special prayers to be said for the intention, and when, in 1925, I went to Rome for my first visit "ad limina," I presented to His Eminence, the Cardinal Prefect, a neat little pamphlet with all my objections, as lack of responsibility, sense of duty and the like, barring the project of a native seminary just then. I respectfully asked His Eminence to refer the matter which caused me so much anxiety to the Holy Father for final decision. When after a fortnight I presented myself again to the Cardinal, he smiled slyly and said: "My dear Bishop, the Holy Father read your pamphlet and his reply is: You may be right in some of your premises, but the Holy Father is right in his conclusions and tells you to go ahead without hesitation."

You can imagine that I felt very small that morning—and that I proceeded immediately with the preparations! Today we have a prosperous Seminary with 20 pupils who astonish everyone with their intelligence and their good will. The native tribes have been set thinking, the parents of the boys are proud and the faithful, happy, at the thought that one day they will have their own priests. The Holy Father was more than wise; he was divinely inspired when he urged so energetically to train native priests!

Faith is a plant that withers if it cannot SPREAD — T. Gavan Duffy.

Yes, and native bishops too. That is the natural extension of the Holy Father's scheme, and both Pius XI and Pius XII consecrated a number of native bishops and appointed many more, so that the mission lands are having gradually their own hierarchy. This not only satisfies the legitimate aspirations of the nations, but renders the religion of the faithful more efficient and continuous. Forty native bishops prove the divine wisdom of the Popes' decision!

In this first month of the new year we are asked to pray for the Native Bishops. It is our duty and our privilege. They belong to the Catholic Church of which we are the members. They carry heavy responsibilities and need our help in the discharge of their apostolic duties, especially in countries new or newly organized, where they lack the facilities or a long-existing civilization and the influence of religious traditions. In our supplications we will not separate them from their flocks for which they are toiling day and night, and which have also to face so many difficulties—that they may become enlightened and docile.

We will remember in a special way those primitive lands which need more intense and longer preparation for the establishment of their hierarchy. We will prove ourselves true children of the one universal church, by showing practical charity towards our distant brothers who are still struggling and suffering to emerge from the catacomb-times towards a strongly organized and flourishing spiritual society under the leadership of Christ and his Vicars.

— ✠G. J. VESTERS, M.S.C.

Beggars By Circumstance - - Or Beggars By Birth - - - - -

by
Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Dr. Sorola, who had consented to accompany me on the sick call, diagnosed the patient's illness as pneumonia. Both his lungs were congested; he could not be moved to the hospital, with the only mode of conveyance the "gari," a springless affair which has seats far too narrow to permit a patient to lie down. So we could only give a prescription for medicine, show the little wife how to make her sick husband as comfortable as possible, and then leave with the promise to return in the morning.

It was rather late before we could fulfill our promise the next morning, and even before we had reached the hut, the neighbors informed us that the patient had died during the night. The village men had already taken the body to the cemetery (the man was a Mohammedan), but the women, who never attend a funeral, were in the house assisting Tahara, the poor little widowed wife. There was much weeping and wailing. Tahara herself came to me in a pitiful state: Would I not help her? She had no one in the world to whom to turn—I was now her "father and her mother" (an expression much used in the East).

I took stock of the situation. There were four children. The family was Mohammedan, so I promised to see if they would not be cared for at a Mohammedan orphanage in the city. Inquiries were made, and we were told they would take only the oldest boy, as they could not accept children under seven. There was no other place except the Catholic orphanage for the other three. I interviewed the Mother Superior. Their place was truly crowded, but Mother could not say no—and so I returned to Tahara with the good news! Her children would be cared for, and she herself would be given a position so that she could work for her rice.

Tahara was delighted. There was but one stipulation: Her children might go to the sisters' orphanage only if she might visit them. I assured her that no barriers would be raised; Tahara promised to get everything in readiness, and I was to return in a "gari" the next day to pick them up.

Still warm with the glow that had shone from the little widow's eyes when she knew that she and her brood would be cared for, I

Charity pervades the whole of Christian life. It is not confined to our relations with the needy and the handicapped. It is to be exercised toward those of our family, toward the wealthy, toward those in high position, those of other races, other traditions, yes, even toward our enemies. Only when we thus envision the broad scope of charity do we realize completely the beauty of the term.—Msgr. Robert P. Brady.

came by for them the next morning. A sullen Tahara met me at the door.

"We are not going."

I was taken aback. Why this change? There was some hesitation; then, bit by bit the story came out: The head Mohammedan of the village had threatened to kill her if she put her children in a Christian orphanage.

"Then what are you going to do?"

She did not answer.

"Perhaps your neighbors will keep you," I ventured.

There was a shrug of the shoulders. "Jam'na (I do not know)."

I looked at the little tyke in her arms; it was thin and undernourished. "Come to the Center, at least," I told her, "and we shall give you milk for your baby."

She shrugged again. There was nothing for me to do but leave her.

At the Center I watched for Tahara. Two, three days went by; she did not come. So I went to the house once more. It was deserted. All we could learn from the neighbors was that Tahara and her children had gone "Bika kara" (begging). I could not help shuddering—they had become beggars, professional beggars. The head men of the village had refused to allow her to put her children in a Christian orphanage, yet they had not made an attempt to assist her in any way, and in all probability had encouraged her to take her children out on the streets!

It was months later that we saw our Tahara once more. The change in her was appalling: Her "sari" (garment worn by women) was soiled and ragged; her body was caked with mud, and her hair hung about her face in matted strands. There was a bold expression on her face—totally foreign to the modest demeanor of the little Mohammedan wife we had visited. She came to the Center—became a daily visitor, in fact—but not for the sake of her baby. Instead of milk, she demanded money, and when she was asked to do a bit of work, she not only refused, but became abusive.

So Tahara and her family were swallowed up and lost once more in the "Beggar Kingdom."

And a "kingdom" it is, literally. Its numbers are legion; and in its own right, it boasts an organization. There are "head beggar men" who divide the lanes and streets of the cities, and assign them to their motley subjects. Probably the reason why Tahara had appeared at the Center, was that she had been "assigned" that particular portion of the city.

There are armies of beggars in India—the cities fairly seethe with them! When one is shopping, one has only to sit down in an open shop, and out of nowhere a dozen hands are thrust out for "pice" (small coin, less than a cent). Beggar mothers always carry their babies with them, and the child is taught to hold out its hand for pice before it is able to talk!

Where do they come from? Beggars marry, have children, and their children are beggars; or, as in the case of Tahara, beggars are made by force of circumstances. Among the poor, if a child is blind or maimed, it is put on the street as soon as possible to earn its rice by begging.

Many of these beggars have no homes; others live in old, abandoned buildings, and sometimes their dwellings are literally holes in the earth. I remembered being called to the home of a patient—the place she lived in could not be called a room. It was merely a hole—you could almost call it a dungeon! If we had been playing "story book," the place would have done very well as a robbers' den—only there were no treasures about: it was bare of everything except a heap of soiled rags and a single earthenware pot! We had to ask the husband to step outside in order to have enough room to move, and even then we were crowded!

We have sometimes gone to beggars' homes when they were cooking their evening meal. Rarely do they eat rice more than once a day. It is procured in this fashion: The housewives are accustomed to measure out the rice supplies for their families in the morning and the afternoon. It is during these "measuring hours" that the beggars make their rounds. Usually each housewife gives a small handful of uncooked rice to a certain number of beggars daily, so that by the end of his rounds, the beggar has collected enough for his meal. Occasionally they will get a handful of "dhal" (a kind of pulse), but more often they have nothing but plain rice, with perhaps a few weeds that have been picked up from the countryside.

On certain "holy days," wealthy Hindus and Mohammedans feed crowds of beggars, believing they shall receive great merit for doing so. It is not necessary to go out into the highways and by ways to bring them in! They remember only too well when these days occur, and large numbers collect outside the front gates of a benefactor's house long before serving time!

India's millions of beggars are indeed a pitiable lot of human beings. We can only hope that the time will come—and come quickly—when the cripples among them will be cared for; the able-bodied, put to work, and begging made a prohibited profession.

"Where do they come from? Beggars marry, have children and their children are beggars."

In Our Library

ALL THE DAY LONG—James A. Walsh: Co-founder of Maryknoll, by Daniel Sargent. Longmans, Green & Co., N.Y. 1941. 259 pp. Clothbound. $2.50.

To the average American Catholic, the word "Maryknoll" connotes Bishop Walsh, and Bishop Walsh, Maryknoll! Yet, with masterly strokes, Daniel Sargent, in his latest book, "All the Day Long," has detached Bishop Walsh from the confines of the Maryknoll scene and placed him up and beyond as the leader who, more than any other, has changed the attitude of Catholics in the United States towards foreign missions from that of indifference to that of enthusiasm!

Bishop Walsh was first introduced to foreign missions during his seminary days at Boston by the rector, the Abbe Hogan, an Irish Sulpician reared in France. From this Irishman (of whom a Frenchman could say: "He was so French, he was a little too French!"), Bishop Walsh heard the story of the French martyrs, and of one in particular—Theophane Venard — who had been ordained with Abbe Hogan himself in France! He never forgot these martyrs, nor the purpose for which they died. Back in 1885 and '86, these martyrdoms were "news" of living people who had gone joyfully to the execution; today we see them as men, still unforgotten, who have played a part—and a vital part—in the foreign mission cause in America!

It was one thing for an American seminarian to be moved to pray and write for the missions, and quite another for that same student, recently ordained, to be charged with collecting money for the Propagation of the Faith as one of its first Directors in this country. "It was not that Catholic hearts were not generous, but their heads were not conscious of foreign missions." The Church in France, although suffering under governmental persecution, was giving five times as much to the missions as the United States. Why?

. . . And if at times the missioner on the foreign field is lonely, if discouragement threatens to possess his soul, if after two thousand years there are still a thousand million pagans in the world, is it not due to the fact that throughout the Church there is so little realization of the infinite power which resides in the small things of our daily life to release grace from the very fountain head of God's salvific Will?

And thus it is that I claim for us in the distant field no greater title to the name of missioner than for all those at home, who have it in their hands, to provide us with that supernatural force without which we are utterly alone and ineffective. We may be the lamps shining in the frightful darkness of heathendom — often battered, stained and broken lamps — but you at home, with the dull routine of daily life made priceless by its union with God's Will to save, are the oil without which the lamp is of no avail, but with which you and we together can make to shine across all the world Jesus Who is the Light of Time and Eternity.—T. Gavan Duffy.

Bishop Walsh came to this conclusion: Catholics in France had relatives in China, Japan and India; it was not hard for them to remember "the field afar" when their flesh and blood were dying over there. But Americans had no brothers and sisters in the missions. If they had, the United States would have been giving ten times more than she was! Foreign mission vocations would solve the problem!

Then and there Bishop Walsh began his life-long battle to put America on the foreign mission map. But look how he begins!

He would educate American Catholics to visualize their relation to the Catholics of the whole world—to their place in the Catholic Sun. He would make them realize that as Catholics, they had responsibilities: They had received the Faith from Europe; now it was their turn to give to others. True, they were scarcely more than a mission country themselves, urgently in need of home missions. Yet Bishop Walsh, with his prescient insight, had the answer to that, too. For himself and others he summed it all up at the meeting of the Mission Union (an organization devoted to the support of missions to isolated Catholics in the United States) in Washington, D.C., in 1904.

"While conscious of the need of priests in most parts of our country, I believe that to send some of our young men and women to more remote districts would stimulate the vocations for home needs, and especially for the more remote Missions of the United States.

"The true priest lives his short life for the salvation of his fellow creatures. Every sincere Christian longs for the day when the Kingdom of his Savior shall rule all men's hearts. What we priests and laymen can do by effort and prayer to win the world to Christ, this we should do, so that the altars may be more numerous on the earth than the stars in the heavens; that multitudes in every land

may be nourished with the Bread of Life—the Body of Christ; that this earth may be deluged in the Precious Blood of the Lamb—a ruby earth glistening like a radiant jewel under the sunlight of the glorious Cross of Him who died on it, not for you or me alone, but for every child of man."

It was at this meeting that he met Father Price, his co-founder, a home - missionary, strangely enough, for twenty-five years in North Carolina. But he, too, could understand the "world ideal" for the Kingdom of Christ; he, too, joined the battle to put America on the foreign mission map. Together they started the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America—Maryknoll!

Maryknoll now began to train the first American foreign missionaries on home soil. Six years later Bishop Walsh could board the steamer for the "fields afar" to prepare for the first mission on foreign soil!

On board ship were twenty-five Protesant missionaries from the United States, a French Jesuit—and himself—the lone American priest! The Japanese and Chinese passengers watched him, and plied him with questions to satisfy their curiosity. "America is not a Catholic country. Are there many more like you in the United States? We think the Catholic Church is European, and the United States is all Protestant." And again, "The Catholic Church does not count for much in America, does it?"

"Some day," thought their victim to himself, "some day very soon, we shall have American missionaries here in the Orient to let them know Americans **are** Catholics . . ."

And then he pondered. Would they "make the grade," these Americans of his? The European Catholics thought Americans too soft to be missionaries. Would his experiment fail? He **knew** it would not—**he would prove it!**

Three months later, on Christmas Day, he signed the agreement by which the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America should be entrusted with its first mission, that of Kuengkong and Loting in the province of Kwangtung, China.

Daniel Sargent has shown us not only the "animator and agitator" of the mission cause in the United States, but also the human and humorous father, who cultivated a family spirit among his co-workers. Here is the treasurer who put his trust in God's banks for God's affairs—the spiritual leader who welcomed into the United States other communities as cooperators: "To those who love God, all things work together for good." Maryknoll should not think they had a monopoly on foreign missions; they were only part of the whole. His heart went out to every phase of Catholic endeavor. With his selfless spirit he thought not only of Maryknoll, but of the good of the whole United States!

Back in 1918, to use the author's metaphor, President Wilson told the people: "It is not an army we must shape and train for war: it is a nation."

Bishop Walsh was not merely training Maryknoll; he was training the nation! If he had not begun the training then, would we be able to say now, in this crisis, "AMERICA WILL NOT FAIL?"

IN OUR LIBRARY

Pamphlets Received:

Two pamphlets on Marriage. **Happiness in Marriage**—How to achieve it and how to increase it. By Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm., Carmelite Press, Engelwood, N.J. Cloth bound, $.25.

Marriage. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. With a discussion club outline by Gerald C. Treacy, S.J. Paulist Press, N.Y.

Two mission bibliographies. **Mission Biographies,** a source Bibliography of the lives of missionary men and women. **A Calendar of Missionary Saints,** adapted from the work of Father Mondreganes, O.M. Cap., in the Guida delle missioni Catholiche. Both pamphlets by Walter J. Coleman, M.M. Maryknoll Book Shelf, Maryknoll, N.Y. $.10 each.

The quotations of T. Gavan Duffy—and the poem, "Mutual Gifts," which appeared in the December issue, have been taken from books of THE NEW HOPE SERIES, published by the City House Alumnae, Convent of the Sacred Heart, 334 North Taylor Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. There are sixteen of the little books in the series, four on experiences in India, four of verse, four of essays and meditations, and four reprints: LET'S GO (short cuts), YONDER?, THE PRICE OF DAWNING DAY, and THE OTHER WAY HOME. The books sell for $1.00 each, the proceeds being used to help maintain catechists in India.

Father Duffy died last year—but nothing can destroy his spirit—a spirit of zeal, of joy, of sacrifice. And his spirit lives in his books.

The responsibility to extend the Mystical Body of Christ falls upon each of its members. Any member who refuses it is guilty of a breach of trust. The privilege of being a cell in the Mystical Body is the privielge of stewardship and service and propagation. Through loyalty to this missionary imperative, each member may pay his debt of thanks for the gift of faith.—Msgr. Fulton Sheen.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Mrs. Anna Mary Leisman, Washington, D.C. (Member of the Washington Auxiliary)

Mrs. Alice K. Simmons, New Orleans, La.

George Muir, New York City.

Edmund Standish, Fall River, Mass.

Angus O. McDonald, Oakland, Cal.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

News From Home And Abroad

AT THE MOTHERHOUSE

The South Sea Islands — intriguing words! But not more intriguing than the story that was told to us by a Bishop who had labored there!

His Excellency, Bishop Vesters, a member of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, began his talk to us at the Motherhouse by stressing the fact that, as missionaries, none of us belong to any one country: we have no nationality insofar as the "political business" of any nation is concerned.

And then he began a description of the islands themselves, the people, their customs, and the medical aid given to the natives by fellow members of his Congregation. The diocese is situated in a land of daily earthquakes — and perpetual summer heat! There are about two hundred islands, from two to eight degrees south of the equator, peopled by natives with a civilization comparable to the "Stone Age."

These natives, who practiced cannibalism until a very few years ago, learn Christian ways extremely slowly, but under the kind and prudent guidance of the Sisters, they are gradually progressing. The Sisters have estabished small hospitals. In the beginning, the people, accustomed to the free and easy life in the bush with their hunting, fishing and swimming all the day long, were dubious about allowing themselves to be treated, but gradually they are coming to trust the Sisters. They have large families, but infant mortality is very high.

There are now forty-five little native sisters, some of whom, before their conversion, have known the taste of human flesh! They are truly generous and self-sacrifiing, and have done much for their people.

His Excellency concluded his talk with an account of the slaying of ten missionaries of his Congregation by a rebellious native who had been reprimanded by the priest for having two wives. The culprit stirred up a number of the other natives, and with the very gun that he had borrowed from the priest on some pretext, he did his evil work. Each one died as a loyal follower of Christ; from the blood of these ten martyrs have sprung twenty vocations among the natives themselves! (Note. These are the twenty seminarians of which Bishop Vesters speaks in the "Mission Intention" for this month.)

A LITTLE LATE, BUT . . .

Two novices were received in England on August 15, Sister M. Dennis and Sister M. Dominic. In a much delaved letter, the former tells us something of the event:

The fifteenth was a beautiful feast, although it rained almost all day long! We had moved things about a little bit in the chapel to make more room—the Sisters from Campion House did all the singing, as all of us were "in the ceremony"! There were lilies for the altar, and it looked really lovely. It was a perfect day!

Other than that, there is not much to say. Our chickens are getting on nicely—we have seven little ones. They are real "war-children"—they have never eaten grain. But we give them cod-liver oil, and they seem to do very well! The garden is full of weeds, partly because we have been very busy, but mostly because of the rain! It seems it has been raining for weeks! And that means not only that the weeds cannot be pulled, but that they will positively thrive!

THE HOLLANDERS ARE TURNING FARMERS, TOO!

Sister M. Eleanore Lippetts writes from the house in Holland:

Here everything goes on nicely, with the usual ups and downs. We have permission to keep one cow and two pigs, and we also have some chickens—quite a farm!

In September we received three more postulants, one of whom is a nurse, one a pharmacist and one a stenographer. So we have a big family. But St. Joseph truly takes care of us!

AND NOW TO INDIA . . .

Our Mission Band has reached its destination in Rawalpindi, and according to Sister M. Dolores, they are quite at home:

It was on the Feast of All Saints that we arrived in Pindi—but our first look at India came really in Madras. The Cathedral was near the pier, so we went there for Mass. The overland trip was full of new experiences!

Now we are already at work—and making some attempt to learn the language! We have just returned from rosary and Benediction at tne church. On Sunday nights the rosary is said in Urdu. Sister Elise has taught us the "Hail Mary," but the people say it so quickly that we just can't quite keep up with them yet!

Sister Nicola stays at the house, Sister Hedwig is on second floor with the private patients, Sister Damien, in the nursery, and I am in the European ward. What with our studies, we are kept very busy, but we shall all write more at our first opportunity!

The Medical Missionaries Wish You

A New Year Filled With Peace and Blessings

A CHICKEN WITHOUT BONES would be a sorry looking hen———

BUT———

A meatless bone would make a sorry meal!

IT TAKES NOR BRAIN NOR BRAWN to dream a dream of many bricks,

BUT———

It takes both sense* and work to make them real!

A MAN MAY KNOW HIS TRADE and have his paint-brush and his pail,

BUT———

Without the paint there's not much he can do;

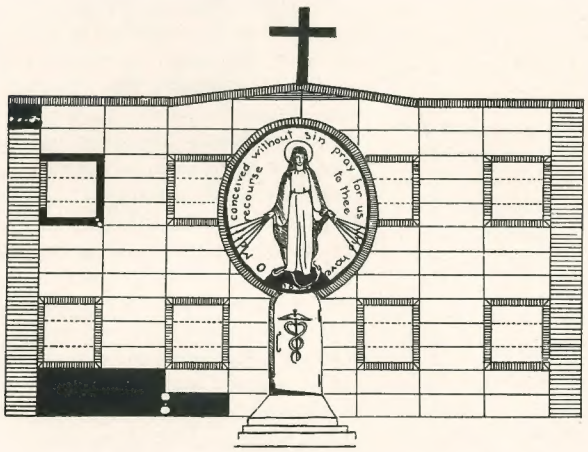
OUR PAINT IS MADE FROM PENNIES (dollars, checks)———

WE'RE SET TO WORK———

BUT———

We Have To Ask the Wherewithal From You

(*Bursar's note: also cents!)



Every penny will help to make our hospital "solid"! Send your "paint" in today:

HELP THE SICK——

BLACK A BRICK!

Send your "brick-blacking" donation to:
MOTHER ANNA DENGEL
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

I am delighted to join in your "black-in bricks" campaign. Enclosed please find $..... to cover ..... bricks.

Very sincerely,

.....

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."